1079 c.

Wanton TOM;

OR THE

Merry HISTORY

OF

Tom Stitch, the TAYLOR.

PART the FIRST.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, London.

The FIRST Part of

THE HISTORY OF Tom Stitch, the TAYLOR

CHAP. I.

Of Tom Stitch's Birth and Parentage.

AT the upper end of Thread-Needle-ſtreet is Thimble-alley, where lived Jonathan Stitch, by profeſſion a Taylor, who in proceſs of time was married to the famous Nan Needle;

Whom many men did often thread,
When they could gain her to their bed.

She kept company with many, and to gain cuſtom, at length gained the French

diſeaſe, which encreaſing, ſhe burnt her husband's thread. This known, they jeered her, ſaying, She was a hot needle indeed to burn her husbands thread.—And when ſhe asked them for work, they ſaid He worked with a hot needle and burning thread.

In a ſhort time after their marriage, there aroſe great conteſt between him and his wife, concerning their names. — She would not have hers buried in forgetfulneſs, and ſuch a one as his flouriſh Her husband, to prevent contention, agreed to have her name joined to his, and ſo called Stitch Needle. Soon after ſhe grew more honeſt, and proved with-child. But her husband died in half a year after and ſhe being left in low circumſtances, could not tell where to go for relief, ſhe having no friend alive who would regard her.

The time of her delivery drew nigh, but ſhe not thinking it ſo near as it was, neglected the getting ſuch neceſſaries as one in her condition required; ſo one day very unexpectedly ſhe fell in labour, nobody being with her but the maid; who firſt ran to call the neighbours, and

then the midwife; but ſhe was delivered of a boy before the old Lady came; and a miniſter being ſent for, baptized him by the name of Thomas; and a little while after, the women aſked the mother what ſhe had for the child? —— She ſaid, ſhe had nothing in the houſe but ſome buttered cabbage, which ſhe had eat a part of that day for dinner.— The child crying very much for victuals, the women took the cabbage and warmed it, and then fed the babe, and he loved cabbage ever after.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of Tom's being brought up and put out Apprentice; he lays with his Miſtreſs, is catched by his Maſter, carried before the Chamberlain, where he is freed by a comical Jeſt.

IN a few years Tom's mother married again, and lived happy; put him to ſchool, and there maintained him till he was big enough to be put apprentice.—Then his mother bid him chooſe a trade, and he ſaid, he liked a taylor beſt. His mother got him a maſter named Deceitful, whoſe wife was very ſevere to the ſervants. Tom being more than ordinary addicted to waggery, ſhe was very ſevere to him, and every morning he lay in bed till five, ſhe would go up with a cudgel, and beat him like a ſtock-fiſh. She ſerving him ſo once or twice in a week, it made him ſtudy how to prevent her. She one morning came in a rage to his bed-

ſide

hue, and ſell upon him. He immediately jumped out of bed, and wiped his eyes with the tail of his ſhirt, which when ſhe beheld, ſhe forebore to ſtrike him, turn-

ing her back upon him, and ſo departed out of the room, and never more called him up.

He not being content with what he had already done, ſoon after contrived how to be revenged on her, for he imagined ſhe kept company with young gallants, unknown to her husband, and reſolved to find her out. And watching an opportunicy, one day he ſee her warming a clean ſmock, which made him miſtruſt ſhe was to meet ſome gallant abroad. — When ſhe had dreſſed herſelf, and got

out of doors. Then followed her till he ſaw her into the ſchool of Venus, which had a rich wrought bed for a ſtudy, and a daughter of Venus for a book, according to the poet, who ſaid,

A woman is a book, and often found
To prove better in the ſheets than bound.
No wonder then, why men take ſuch delight,
Above all things to ſtudy in the night.

Tom ſeeing where ſhe went in, went to a broker's ſhop, and got a rich ſuit of cloaths, a ſword, and a peruke. In this attire he went to the door of the houſe where his miſtreſs went in, enquiring if it was not a ſchool of Venus for gentlemen to find entertainment in? — To which a ſervant replied Yes. — Tom went in, and the firſt he met was his miſtreſs, decked in all the tempting dreſſes art could produce. Her face looked like alabaſter, a tower on her head, and every thing agreeable. In this dreſs ſhe came up to Tom, taking him for ſome noble perſon, and accoſted him thus:

Moſt honoured Sir, your very looks preſage you are of ſome noble extraction

your majeſtick perſon forceth my tongue to expreſs what my heart doth think.—Yet I hope, noble ſir, I ſhall not preſume in ſo high a nature, but that you will forgive me. I think myſelf happy to be reckoned among your ſervants.

She ſaluting him with ſuch kind expreſſions, he imagined what ſhe would be at. Then taking her by the hand, he

deſired her to be his pilot into the haven of felicity. She yielded unto his requeſt, and ſo conducted him into a room where was a bed. As ſoon as they were ſeated, he complimented her in the following manner:

Bright madam, your matchleſs beauty has captivated my heart; and if you will

but vouchsafed to honour me with your sweet and delightful company, I shall think myself more happy than Paris, who enjoyed the Grecian Queen. To which she replied:

Dear Sir, command me as your own as long as you stay here, nay, you have so charmed me, I could die within your arms.

She yielded herself wholly to him, he entertained her with all the dainties the house could afford. Before they parted he found means to cut a piece of her petticoat off undiscovered; paid his reckoning, and departed, promising to come an other day.

Tom made haste and shifted himself, laughing to think how he had served his mistress, and how he should have her at his beck.

Tom's mistress missing the piece of her petticoat, thought him some gentleman her husband had sent on purpose to betray her, never mistrusting her man Tom. She vexed herself a long time, but could not tell what to do. In this perplexity at last she pinned up her petticoat, and went home, where she found her husband sit-

ting by the fire, poor cuckold! not think ing where his wife had been. When ſhe perceived he was ignorant, ſhe feared ſome device, and ſhe ſeeming diſcontented, he asked her the reaſon. She ſaid ſhe was not very well. The cuckold being kind (as moſt are) cauſed ſome caudle to be made for her, yet ſhe could not be eaſy for three or four days. Tom took no notice of her at firſt, but at length he reſolved to ſpeak to her, and accordingly ſaid, Good miſtreſs. I ſee you have been melancholy three or four days; if you are any ways troubled, I will venture my life for you; if any one hath wronged you, I will die but right you. She checked him for his ſaucineſs, and bid him be gone. And as he was going, he ſaid I have offended you, but ſomebody will pleaſe you before night (that being the day appointed to meet her.) She hearing him ſay ſo, miſtruſted ſomething, and asked what he meant? Tom replied, I hope you will be pleaſed at night; tho' you think I know nothing, you would be glad I did not know what I do. She being touched to the quick, gave him half a crown to tell her what he meant,

This is what I mean, ſaid he, and pulled the piece of the petticoat out of his pocket. She bluſhing, gaue him a piece of gold, and deſired him not to tell her husband, hoping he did not know it already. No, ſaid Tom, he does not know neither will I tell him. She then aſked him how he came by the piece of the petticoat? He anſwered, It was himſelf that cut it off. She bluſhing ſaid,

Dear Tom, if thou this thing wilt not impart,
A purſe of gold I'll give with my whole heart.
Nay, kiſs and love thee out of meaſure,
And ſtudy even to give thee pleaſure.
I have no power to frown or angry be,
I'll not reſiſt, do what thou liſt with me.
Tom went inſtantly and lock'd the door,
Then did as he had done before:
The ſcene is chang'd, no more in awe he'll ſtand,
For now the man the miſtreſs does command.

Now Tom lived more like her husband than an apprentice, having ſtore of money and fine cloaths. His bed warmed every

light, and when his master was out of town, lay with his mistress. Tom's mistress proving so very kind, at length his master took notice of it, and grew jealous, insomuch that he resolved, if possible to find them out. — So one day he feigned that a Lord had sent for him to make him some laced cloaths, and he should lie there all night; but acquainted the maid with the design, giving her a fee to let him in at twelve at night.

A horse being brought to the door, the better to carry on the scheme, he mounted and rode away.

Tom and his Mistress being glad of this opportunity, at night went both to bed together. Her husband returned at twelve

o'clock, and was let in by the maid, and went directly up ſtairs, and drawing his curtain, beheld his wife and his man Tom encircling in one another's arms, both aſleep. When he beheld them lying ſo loving, he was ready to pull them out of bed; but pauſing ſome time about, he reſolved to make an example of them both, but firſt of Tom.

When he had called his maid up to ſee them in bed, he went out of the houſe again, and returned the next day, taking no notice of what he had ſeen. —— The next day he warned Tom before the Chamberlain, which ſurpriſed him and his miſtreſs much; and the morning that Tom was to appear before the Chamberlain, ſhe asked her husband, What his man Tom had done, that he was to be had before the Chamberlain? To which he replied, You ſhall know that before night.

When Tom came before the Chamlain, his wife maſter made this complaint againſt him: O Worſhipful Sir, I have warned my man before you, for I have caught him in bed with my wife; and my maid is here as a witneſs of the truth

of what I ſay. The Chamberlain hearing what a fool he was to proclaim himſelf a cuckold, laughed heartily. He then called Tom to know if it was true. To which he anſwered, If it pleaſe you, I cannot deny it.—You are, ſaid the Chamberlain, an impudent rogue.——Not ſaid Tom ſucha nim pu dent rogue as your worſhip ——takes me to be. Come, firrah, ſaid the Chamberlain, I'll teach you to ſet your words cloſer together.

He perceiving Tom to be arch, reproved him, telling him to fly the embraces of his miſtreſs, as Joſeph did. —— Then may it pleaſe your Worſhip, if his miſtreſs had been as fair as mine, he would not have forſaken her.

The Chamberlain hearing this jeſt, burſt into a laughter, as did likewiſe all thoſe that were preſent, and immediately diſmiſſed him without any puniſhment.

His maſter ſeeing him diſcharged made what haſte he could home to his wife, and in a great rage, told her, If ever ſhe let Tom lay with her again, he would turn them both out of doors, and make them ſeek for freſh quarters; but if ſhe would promiſe never to lie with him any more he would forgive her, and all ſhould be well. She made him a thouſand proteſtations to obey his commands, and never more offend him in the like nature. Yet for all her promiſes ſhe made uſe of all opportunities to ſteal into the ſweet embraces of her pretty Tom.

CHAP. III.

Tom is revenged on the Maid for not telling him of his Maſter's Deſign. The Death of his Miſtreſs, and of his being turned out of Doors.

WHEN this quarrel was over, Tom ſtudied how to be revenged on the maid, for not acquainting him of his maſter's deſign. Tom imagining ſhe and his fellow-prentice were married, ſo reſolved to watch, and ſleeping dog's ſleep, he obſerved him conſtantly to go to her: One night when they were at ſupper, Tom put ſome ſleeping powder into his fellow 'prentices drink.

When he perceived he was aſleep, he went to the maid, who when ſhe heard him, told him to drink the pint of ſack which ſtood by the bed-ſide.—When he had drank it, ſhe received him into her arms; and when the fun was over, he bid her adieu.

Tom coming to bed, found his fellow-'prentice aſleep. In the morning about

ſix, Tom aroſe and went down, the maid being up and thanked her for the ſack ſhe had given him, and the other kind entertainment.

O heaven! ſaid ſhe, was it you? I beg you never to reveal it; I took you for your fellow-'prentice, to whom I am married. — Aye, ſaid he, I will be even with you now;—But with many perſuaſions, he at laſt vowed ſecrecy, if ſhe would give him half a years wages, and let him lie with her whenever he pleaſed; to both which ſhe yielded, and ſoon after proving with-child, ſhe was forced to leave her ſervice.

Soon after his miſtreſs died, and he being out of his time, his maſter incenſed againſt him, turned him away the day his time expired, ſo that Tom could not tell what to do, nor where to go, now his loving miſtreſs was dead, being aſhamed to go near his relations, having proved ſo ungrateful to them during his apprenticeſhip.

CHAP

CHAP. IV.

Tom leaves London, and his Laamentation thereupon; he is entertained by an old Woman at Leeds, whom he promiſes to marry, together with ſixteen Maids more that ſhe got with-child in ſixteen Weeks; he appoints to meet them, but diſappoints them all, and leaves the Town.

IN this great dilemma Tom reſolved to leave London; and providing what neceſſaries he could, ſet forward on his journey, and in a pleaſant grove about a mile from London, he ſat down, and made the following lamentation:

O Fortune! frown no more as thou haſt done,
But let my joys ſhine bright as do the ſun
Let me no more upon the rack of fate be toſt,
Nor ever think of her whom I have loſt,
My loving miſtreſs, whom I made a ſlave
Is fled from me to enjoy the ſilent grave.
Triumphant Grief! I fear my heart will break,

My tears guſh out, my tongue can't ſpeak,
None ever did weep and mourn like me,
None ever had ſuch deſtiny.
But hold, in vain I grieve for her that is gone,
I'll no more to the ſilent air make moan,
If fortune ſmiles on me but once again,
I'll rid myſelf of all this grief and pain,
Farewel rich London, and my mother too
For unto you I now muſt bid adieu.

Tom having eaſed his mind, roſe up, and went on till he came to Leeds, where he was entertained by a rich old woman, both at bed and board; for which he

had no ſooner aſked, but ſhe conſented, and was very glad when he ſued her for her affection; wecm ſhe daily wiſhed to

enjoy, yet kept off at ſome diſtance. but not long.

The old woman doating on him, gave him any thing he deſired; and Tom having her purſe as well as her heart, asked her one day to lend him money to ſet up in his buſineſs, which ſhe did. Being ſet up, though in her houſe, he got acquainted with all the maids he poſſibly could, who were always happy in his company, and brought him great quantities of work Tom ſeeing them ſo loving and kind, he tickled their fancies with love ſtories; ſo that pretty Betty, who never had a ſweetheart before, brought him every day a leg of a gooſe or a turkey, or ſome other dainties. Tom ſeeing how kind and loving ſhe was, humoured the fun, but reſolved not to marry.

There were other maids he pretended love to, which his old landlady perceiving, grew jealous; and he one day kiſſing a wench before her, ſhe quarrelled with him, and asked him for fifteen ſhillings which he then owed her. He quelled her paſſion with ſome loving expreſſions, but reſolved never more to kiſs the maids before her face, but went to their houſes,

there being ſixteen of them, whom he got with-child in ſixteen weeks, and promiſed to marry them all. Sometimes one came urging him to marry, ſometimes another, but he ſhifted them all. However one day he bought a gold ring, and told his landlady, if ſhe would lend him five pounds he would marry her, which ſhe accordingly did.

When he had got the money he appointed her to meet him at a ſtile about half a mile from Leeds. He went alſo to the ſixteen wenches he had got with-child, ſhewing them the ring which he intended to marry them with; and they

rejoiced as much to ſee it as if they had been married.

Tom gave each girl a ſcarlet ribbon, to wear under their chin that day, and at laſt requeſted one thing of every one of them, which was to lend him what money they could, for, he had, as he pretended, laid all his money out to buy a bargain of cloaths. So one lent him five pounds; ſome more, ſome leſs, according as they had. When he had got what money he could, he returned home to-bed.

Next morning he roſe very early, and deſired his landlady to dreſs herſelf to be married; which ſhe did, and went directly to the place appointed. After ſhe was gone, Tom made what haſte he could to get out of the town, but not to meet his landlady and the reſt he had appointed. Before he went he wrote the following lines, and left them under his landlady's pillow:

Farewell, old hoſteſs, my ſmooth flattering tongue,
Has prov'd too old for you, though I'm too young.

You thought you had me ſure, and that this night,
I ſhould with licence wed to your delight
You that have oft claim'd debts of me, muſt ſtay,
For I'm reſolv'd myſelf to double pay.
Could you ſo much a fool think me to be
To one that's old and cold to bribe and fee,
No, the caſe is a mere Jeſt as it doth ſtand,
For you have often had me at command.

Before his old landlady was got to the place appointed, there overtook her the firſt wench, with a red ribbon under her chin, and after her ten more. The old woman ſeeing ſo many paſs by with ribbons under their chins, wondered, till ſhe came at the ſtile, and ſaw five more. — At length a man came to them, who told them he was ſent by Wanton Tom, read a few lines to them, which were as follows:

To you poor laſſes I theſe lines do ſend,
Confeſſing each of you has been my friend
Some brought me work, ſome dainties for to eat,
Not thinking I ſhould ever prove a cheat.

It is your hearts and maidenheads I pierc'd
But who can laugh, ye are alike diſtreſt,
Nay, my old hoſteſs thought this day to
marry,
Yet ſhe for me, like you muſt longer tarry
And I your money will as freely ſpend,
As you to me your maidenheads did lend,
So for your maidenheads you may com-
plain,
Sigh and lament, it will be all in vain.
Then fare you well, from Leeds I now
am gone,
And not contracted unto any one.
When I again do hear where he doth
dwell,
A Second Part of his Mad Prank I'll tell.

END of the FIRST PART.

Wanton TOM;

OR THE

Merry HISTORY

OF

Tom Stitch, the TAYLOR.

PART the SECOND.

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The Second Part of

THE HISTORY OF Tom Stitch, the TAYLOR.

CHAP. I.

The Introduction to this History, something relating to the First Part to make it intelligible.

READER, I promised you in the First Part of the merry History of Tom Stitch the Taylor, to give you a farther account of his Mad Pranks, so soon as I could conveniently hear from him. For there you may remember after he had got sixteen maids with-child under pretence of marrying them, as also consi-

derable ſums of money from them and an old woman, he gave them the ſlip, and rambled in ſearch of other adventures, over England and Wales, playing abundance of merry pranks, far exceeding the former for wit and ingenuity.

CHAP

CHAP. II.

Tom in Diſguiſe is hired at a Boarding-School as a Cook-Maid, where he gets the Chamber-Maid and ſeveral young Ladies with-child; and when it is diſcovered makes off.

TOM being furniſhed with a large ſum of money, rambled far into the country, for fear he ſhould be diſcovered, for great ſearch mas made after him by the pariſh officers, when the girls were known to be with-child. The old woman thirſting for revenge, to be chouſed of her money, but more of her pleaſure in her much expected marriage ſent di-

vers in ſearch of him, to take him up and lay him in gaol, where ſhe might be ſure to find him.

Of this he had private notice from his friends, whom he kept a correſpondence with; and thereupon to avoid all danger Tom went to a ſhop and bought a ſuit of female apparel, very decent for a ſervants maid, and keeping his beard cloſe ſhaved, arrayed himſelf in them; and ſo going to a fine boarding-ſchool, where were many pretty miſſes, he ſo behaved himſelf, that he got admiſſion to be a cook-maid, by the name of Joan Ticklefoot. And he ſo well behaved himſelf, that though he was awkward in his buſineſs, and the other ſervants laughed at him, yet his miſtreſs liked him ſo well, that ſhe commanded them in any difficulty, to inſtruct her ſuppoſed maid Joan, ſeeing by the willingneſs that was ſhown, ſhe (for ſo we muſt a while call our hero) would ſoon learn.

Here ſhe continued in great plenty, lying every night with the chamber-maid, who was a brisk laſs. This did not a little overjoy our male-like cook-maid, who, nevertheleſs for ſome time con-

ceaſed his ſex, till one night the chamber-maid ſtarting out of a pleaſant dream ſhe had of her ſweetheart, claſped him in her arms, and fell to hugging him, crying out between ſleeping and waking, Ah! my dear! though I have often denied thee, now I will do it no longer, but truſt in thy promiſe of marrying me, and therefore uſe thy freedom; my maiden treaſure is at thy mercy. And ſo proceeding to feel in a forbidden place, and finding the cook had got a tail, ſhe ſtarted and thoroughly waked at the ſurprize, and would have jumped out of bed, but he earneſtly entreated her not to do it, with many kind and loving kiſſes, ſaying, It was for love of her that he put himſelf in that diſguiſe, and ſo became a ſervant; adding, He was a gentleman, and would marry her as ſoon as he came to his eſtate, he being within a quarter of a year of one and twenty, and for that time ſhe might conceal their ſtolen pleaſures.

The girl, whoſe deſires had been raiſed by her dream, and this ſo luckily falling out, very eaſily conſented, and ſo to hey-gammer-cook they went, to their mutual

ſatisfaction; and ſo through her dark entry, he made ſo free a paſſage to her very heart, that from time to time ſhe follow-

ed him up and down like his ſhadow, being never pleaſed but in his company.

But Time, the revealer of ſuch dark ſecrets, brought this and more to light.—— For whether the romping young gentlewomen who were ſcholars there, had privately obſerved any thing, or did it out of curioſity, certain it is, that nothing would ſerve them, but in turns they muſt forſooth be Joan's bedfellows, ſome pretended coldneſs, and others fear of ſpirits; ſo that in a little time there was ſuch a poking, that many of them were taken into examination by the matron, and though they ſtifly denied all, yet at laſt the truth appeared.

But Joan had early notice of the matter, and taking her misses's ſuit, and all things belonging to it, he went in the evening to the garden and putting off his apparel, left it on a bush, dreſſed himſelf in the other, and got away travelling a great many miles before ſearch was made after him. However he left the following lines behind him in the garden.

Farewell, my dears, and when ye think upon (Joan,
The pleaſure we have had, remember
'Twas very pretty paſtime we enjoy'd,
And now for huſbands ye are ready try'd.
Make haſte and get them, and ſo hide your blame,
A huſbands the beſt cloak to cover ſhame

CHAP. III.

Tom's Trick on a young Man, with whom he changed Cloaths, and narrowly escaped Danger.

TOM having re-assumed his native shape, betook himself to ramble, while the cruel matron of a school-mistress, with her smarting weapon of due government was busy in extorting a confession out of the tender buttocks of the young ladies; which being done, and the cook-maid missing, pursuit was every way sent after her, with vows of the bloodiest revenge imaginable. But he, expecting what would happen, had at an alehouse, for a little money to boot, changed his cloaths with a loitering idle young fellow who had run away from his master, on his mistress's discovering he would have been lewd with her. And luckily it happened for Tom, for scarce had they shifted, before some of the pursuers came in, and seeing the cloaths, which they very well knew on the fellow's back,

laid hold on him, and with a loud voice ſaid. You lying diſſembling rogue, have we caught you? you'll pay ſeverely for abuſing your miſtreſs's houſe.

The fellow not knowing what they meant, fell upon his knees, and begged pardon for wronging the houſe he had been ſo kindly entertained in.—But this ſerved not his turn, for they carried him before a juſtice, who ſent him to the houſe of correction, where he was unmercifully whipped, and ſet to hard labour. In the mean time Tom ſneaked away, and avoided the puniſhment.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A comical Trick of Toms on two Country Laſſes; and of his carrying off their Cloaths.

TOM having eſcaped, as has been before-mentioned, travelled hard all that day, till he thought himſelf out of danger; but he durſt not venture to return the way he came, for fear of the old woman he owed money to, and the girls he had got with-child, but that night he ſlept in a haycock, it being ſummer.

The field he ſlept in was by the ſide of an orchard, and being weary and thirſty with long travelling, he reſolved to venture

for ſome fruit. So over the pales he gets, befriended by the light of the moon, and clambers up a tree that hung over a pleaſant ſpring, and getting acroſs upon the boughs began to fill a wallet that he had found.

He had not been long at this ſort of thievery, before he ſaw two females coming towards the place, and one of them being to be married the next day, they ſtripped, and went into the water up to their knees, waſhing and ſcrubbing each other with many ſoft tehees, or merry laughters. Tom Stitch, by the light of the moon, obſerving their white skins, and ſomething elſe which ſhaded the baſhful part, would needs be peeping, and bending down the wallet ſwaggering, it pulled him with ſo ſudden a jerk, and ſlipping his hold, he came into the water almoſt on their heads.

The poor girls taking him for ſome ſtrange hobgoblin, or at leaſt the firſt begotten of Belzebub, with a ſhriek; being overcome with fear, ſprung out of the water, and never minding their cloaths ran away with ſpeed to the houſe for ſhelter. Their ancient father juſt then

coming home from the alehouſe, and having got to the door, and going to ſhut it, the girls ruſhing forwards forced the door againſt him. So he fell down backwards, crying out Thieves and Murder! which alarming the neighbours, they came with bills and prongs, and finding the grave old man grovelling on the ground, they haſtily demanded what was the matter? —When getting upon all-fours he cry'd, Neighbours, here are deſperate rogues broke into my houſe, and are up ſtairs, plundering what little I have got by hard labour.——How many are there? ſays one.—Nay, ſays he, I ſaw but two, and they ſeemed to be trained-bands, for they were in buff, with black bandileers, hanging at the bottom of their bellies. —Upon which they all ſtrove who ſhould venture up firſt. The mean time the old man had taken his ruſty ſword down and with much ado drawing it, he encouraged them. Being at the head of the ſtairs, the trembling laſſes, to cover their nakedneſs, had wrapped the ſheets about them, and ſtood there trembling, which frighted the aſſailants ſo much, that they tumbled down ſtairs, and ſwore the houſe

was hauntod. But next morning diſcovering what had happened, it turned their fear to laughter.

Tom Stitch getting out of the water, ſeized on their cloaths as a reward for his accidental chriſtening. And returning the ſame way he came, he trudged on farther to get a night's lodging, fearing to be diſcovered if he ſhould ſtay till the next morning.

The next day the girl was married, and this accident occaſioned much laughter to all the gueſts.

CHAP. V.

A merry Trick Tom ſerved a Tinker and his Trull, getting from them a Purſe of Money.

TOM, early in the morning taking a view of the country, and not knowing which way to ſteer, ſet up his ſtaff, and the way it fell he went.

He had not travelled far before he over took a tinker and his trull, a luſty handſome quean; and ſcraping acquaintance with them, it was agreed that they ſhould take a drinking bout together at the firſt alehouſe, in order for their better acquaintance, where the tinker ſaid, was humming liquor.

This lay a mile out of the common road; and here arriving they drank freely. At length the trull deſiring to know what he had in his wallet? he told her cloaths. She deſired to ſee them, and accordingly he ſhewed them to her, pretending them to be his ſiſters, who had left them to him juſt before ſhe died.

The woman, thinking to have a penny-worth, ſaid, Will you ſell them?—Yes, ſaid he, for I want money, and they will do me but little good, and be troubleſome for me to carry to London. So he ſold them for forty ſhillings, though not half the value.

On the payment of the money, Tom eſpied in her pouch many fine thing of great value, which ſhe had got from ſimple maids under colour of telling their fortunes.

Tom immediately took it in his head that he would ſtrive to make himſelf the maſter of their treaſure. So the bargain being over, to drinking they went ſtoutly, he propoſing to ſpend half a crown out of his receivings. Tom now put the cheat upon them, by putting brandy into their liquor; ſo that growing drunk they fell aſleep.

Upon this Tom took the opportunity when the landlord was out of the room, to unbuckled the tinker's belt, and buckled as many pots on it as it would hold, and then faſtened it again. Then he tied the woman's apron ſtring to the chair, and thinking it no ſin to deceive the deceiver,

he took out of their pouch all the treaſure, and then ſneaked away.

The landlord coming in and miſſing Tom, awaked them; and they rouſing, aſked for their companion. The Hoſt replied he was gone away.

The woman then miſſing her purſe, was ſoon confirmed; and immediately both ſtaring up, never minded what was done to them, ran againſt the hoſt, and

tumbled him down, the woman with a chair at her arſe, and the man with the pots dangling about him, reeling, and crying out, Stop thief? ſtop thief!

The hoſt ſcrabbled up, and thinking it a deſigned cheat in them to defraud him of his reckoning and utenſils, ran out af-

ter them, crying, Stop thief! louder than they. So that ſome travellers coming by, ſtopt them till he came up with them; but being refractory, a conſtable was ſent for, who laid them faſt by the heels in

the ſtocks, for being drunk; ſo they was forced to leave the bundle for the reckoning. In the mean time Tom got ſafe into the wood, and made the beſt of his way out.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Tom turns Mountebank, out-wits a country Doctor, getting Money by gelding Sheep-Turds for Pills, and is taken for a Conjuror.

TOM being now grown rich, ſet up for a Doctor and a Conjuror, not doubting but that he had as much skill as any Andrew, Tumbler, or Rope-dancer; and might get as much money if his luck failed him not. So going to an apothecary, he bought a book of gold-leaf with which he gelded a great number of ſheep-turds.

He then went to a town in which a mountebank paraded, who took up his lodgings at an inn, before which he kept his ſtage, which was a few boards laid on two bearers he had borrowed of the ſexton, ſuch as they lay coffins on.

Tom ſeeing this, agrees with an arch wag of the town, to get him a wild colt, and when he ſhould ſpeak certain words agreed on between them, force it againſt

the Doctor's ſtage, ſo as few ſaw him. So when the Doctor was mounted, and began to tell a long ſtory, That he had been phyſician to ſeven Emperors and twenty Kings, and had with his pills and potion cured all diſtempers, up ſtarts Tom, on the head of an old barrel, pur-

poſely ſet for him; and in a long oration declared the Mountebank to be a rope-maker, bed-maker, and tumbler; and he himſelf was the only man to cure their griefs and diſeaſes, being licenced to practice phyſick by authority. Thereupon producing an old leaſe, with a ſeal to it, which he had borrowed of his landlord; and moreover for the verity of this, deſired God might ſhew ſome ſtrange judge-

ment to decide the conteſt, that he who was wrong might immediately fall.

He had no ſooner ſaid this, which was the ſignal word, and the other was pretending to vindicate himſelf, but the colt was ſo managed, that down came the Doctor, pots and all, into a dirty puddle, that he was almoſt ſtifled.

Tom by this means getting the advantage, the Quack Doctor was hooted out

of town, and Tom ſold his pills for what he pleaſed, and was cried up for a famous Doctor and Conjurer, by which he got abundance of money.

CHAP

CHAP. VII.

Tom finds out a ſuppoſed Spirit, tricks the Houſe, and thereby gets a great deal of Money.

AT length ſome people who formerly knew Tom, diſcovering him to be no Doctor, he was forced to ſhift his quarters.

Tom living rather too laviſh, without any comings in, ſoon got rid of his money, and was reduced to a low ebb, even to that of becoming a Tinker; and he hearing that a gentleman had prepared a great entertainment on ſome particular occaſion, where all would be welcome

thither he goes, and desired to have night's lodging.

The gentleman told him he was welcome to victuals, but all his rooms was full except one, which was haunted. — Pho! said Tom, I'll venture it, for I have seen many spirits, and never yet hurt. — The gentleman told him it only frighted people by bringing a bason and a razor, saying, Will you be shaved? — O is that all, said Tom, it is a merry ghost, and I shall be glad to see him.

The gentleman smiled, and ordered he should be well treated.

Tom was conducted up stairs, but the chamberlain gave him the candle at the head of the stairs, and bid him Good-night. — Tom boldly entered the room, and listening, found it was the bough of a pear-tree, which rattling against a penthouse, made a noise like Shave, shave; and for any sight he supposed fear suggested that.

His business was now to make an advantage of their error. — Whereupon he crept softly down stairs, and peeping saw them counting out money: So going up again, he, half-Maved, takes the pils-

pot for a baſon, winds himſelf up in a ſheet like a ghoſt, and whitening his face, down he came bare-footed, and was almoſt at the table before he was diſcovered. At length the waiter ſaw him, and cried out, The Shaver! the Shaver!

Upon this they all fell to ſcampering, tumbling over one another, and crawling out of the room, left all the money behind them; which Tom did not neglect to ſecure for his own uſe

In the morning he told them he had been frighted by the apparition, but he did not doubt in three night's time to eaſe them of its troubleſome company.

FINIS.